

Jos. Horne & Co.,

Penn. Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

JULY BARGAINS

now prevail all over the store. Stocks must be reduced to the lowest possible basis for the semi-annual stock taking on August 1st. Prices are cut right and left to clear out everything.

Dress Goods,
Silks,
Ladies' Suits,
Ladies' Waists,
Men's and Boys' Clothing,
Children's Wear,
Glass and China,
Furniture,
as well as all other stocks,
come under the price-pruning
knife during July.

It's the best month in the
year for the economical buyer
to visit the store. Or if you're
too far away to come, write
for facts and prices.

Jos. Horne & Co.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.

1852 1895.

Blank Books.

We carry the largest stock and
best assortment in the city. Also
a full line of office supplies. Our
prices always the lowest.

Our Flat Opening Account Books
are the best, made of Scotch linen,
heavy ledger paper (perfect).
Bookkeepers should examine before
ordering elsewhere.

AGENT LEON ISAACS'
GLUCINUM PENS.

Jos. Graves' Son,

26 Twelfth Street.

LAWN TENNIS RACKETS!

Much Cheaper This Season Than in 1894

Cleveland Special . . . \$2.00
Memorabilia, Oriental Gut . . . 3.00
Taylor, Jr., Oriental Gut . . . 3.50
Ladies' special, Oriental Gut . . . 4.00
Racquet special, Oriental Gut . . . 5.00
Nets, Balls and the Gun Court Market in stock.

STANTON'S OLD CITY
BOOKSTORE.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES.

Typewriter Ribbon,
Typewriter Paper,
Typewriter Carbon,
Typewriter Oil,

For Remington, Galigraph, Smith,
Premier and other standard machines
always on hand.

CARLE BROS.,

108 MARKET STREET.

PLUMBING, ETC.

TRIMBLE & LUTZ COMPANY,
SUPPLY HOUSE.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting,
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

A Full Line of the Celebrated—

SNOW STEAM PUMPS

—Kept Constantly on Hand.

1800 AND 1802 MARKET STREET, WHEELING.

WILLIAM HARE & SON.

Practical Plumbers,

GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.

No. 38 Twelfth Street.

All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices.

Notice to Natural Gas Consumers!

The HIBBERD CALORIFIC NATURAL GAS
BURNER is the only burner on the market that
is guaranteed to give satisfaction. It is not
affected in any way by "gas" or "oil" with no
guarantee. Sold only by
GEO. HIBBERD & SON,
1214 Market Street.

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PORTRAITS IN PASTEL, OIL, CRAYON, WATER
AND INK.

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GROCERIES ETC.

DULUTH

Imperial Flour

Makes Famous Bakers, and where is the woman
that doesn't take pride in the bread she makes

Sold in Wheeling by

H. E. BEHRENS,

No. 1000 Market Street.



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CHAPTER V.

I got up about half-past 7, and, after
dressing hastily, went down stairs.
Phillips had not appeared, and I hesi-
tated awhile as to whether I should
awaken him, deciding finally in the
negative. Mary, of course, did not leave
her room. At last the clock struck 9.
I went up to the detective's door and
listened. Evidently he was not moving,
so I knocked—gently at first, then more
decidedly; but without response. Fi-
nally I ventured to try the door, only
to find that it was locked on the inside.
I now began to pound vigorously, lis-
tening, from time to time, until at last,
thoroughly frightened by the per-
sistent silence, I put my shoulder against
it and forced it open.

Phillips was lying on the bed, appar-
ently in a very heavy slumber, although
the daylight was streaming through
the window. His lips were parted and
his cheeks seemed slightly flushed. I
spoke to him, and laid my hand on his
shoulder.

Then I recoiled with sudden horror.
The man was dead—rigid—cold as stone,
and had evidently been dead for many
hours.

The shock of this discovery was so

great that, for a few moments, I was

utterly unable to think connectively.

Little by little I began to realize the

full extent of the calamity, and regret

for what seemed to me the extinction of

our best hope to learn the truth as to

my brother's murder, was mingled with

a deeper regret that the strain of my

interests had been the last straw to

break down an overworked and useful

life. Pervading all was the conscious-

ness of a possibility too horrible to con-

template. There was nothing to do,

however, but notify the authorities, and

before the day had passed, the house

was again thronged with coroner,

physicians, constables and jurymen.

The body of the dead detective was

examined. He had evidently prepared

himself for bed as usual; his clothes

were laid carefully over a chair, and he

had passed away in his sleep apparently

without a struggle or pang. I breathed

a sigh of heartfelt relief when the in-

vestigation disclosed no evidence of

violence, and the verdict was rendered

accordingly: "Death by heart failure

occasioned by exhaustion and over-

work."

My brother's funeral had been set

for the following day, and I confess to

something of a moral struggle as to

whether I should at once acquaint the

local authorities with Phillips' dis-

covery. Skidmore, the village con-

stable, was the last to leave me and, as

he did so, he took occasion to intimate

that the solution of the murder had

been pretty accurately arrived at, and

that, without the aid of "no highfalutin

city detective."

"What do you mean?" I asked quickly.

"Oh! nothing," he replied.

"Only we've found out that that there

teller Ralph was seen a walkin' up the

road in this direction 'bout five o'clock

that mornin'."

"Who saw him?"

"Billy Gough. I reckon he don't

know much, but he knows enough not

to be fooled on a feller that's bin 'round

here as long as Ralph has."

With this parting shot, the local

Hawkehaw took his departure, leaving

me considerably perturbed at his in-

formation. I had begun somehow to

feel satisfied of the innocence of the

young collegian. A knife thrust was

the last method a man like him would

adopt, and it seemed to me to bring the

crime closer to the Italians with whom

my brother had quarreled. Whether

this impression originated with myself

or whether I felt unconsciously that

Phillips' conclusions were tending in

that direction, I do not know. Still, I

could not deny that this last bit of

testimony was very material as circum-

stantial evidence. To be sure, Billy Gough

was hardly half-witted, but, as the

constable said, he knew Ralph well enough

not to be mistaken on a question of his

identity.

I have forgot to state to you that, im-

mediately upon my discovery of Phil-

lips' death, I had naturally telegraphed

Superintendent Sanford, and that, by

his directions, Inspector Haneson had

come up to attend the inquest and to

make arrangements for the removal of

the body to New York. He had had

little or nothing to say during the pro-

ceedings, and I had left him in the room

occupied by Phillips, while I saw the

constable to the door.

As I turned back into the hall, Mary

was descending the stairs. Her face

was agitated and I surmised at once that

she must have overheard Skidmore's

parting remarks, a surmise which proved

to be correct.

"What did that man say to you?" she

asked, coming close.

I told her in a few words, intimating,

as I did so, a hardly felt doubt as to the

reliability of Billy Gough's statements.

"He was perfectly correct, neverthe-

less," she said, after a short hesita-

tion. "I went out about five o'clock to meet

Jack by appointment and to arrange to go

away with him. I met him on the road,

and he walked as far as the gate with

me. It was almost six o'clock, and Jack

went back to the village. He did not

come even as far as the house, and I

knew he could not have killed father.

As for your New York friend who was

trying to fix it on him—"

"Mr. Smith, may I have a few words

with you at once?" came a voice from

the stairs. My niece started at the

sound and darted into the library.

"Certainly, inspector," I answered.

"Can I trouble you to come up here?"

I mounted the stairs hastily, and

Ransom drew me into the room, closing

the door behind us. His face was more

than serious.

"Here is a sealed letter addressed to

you," he said. "It is Phillips' handwrit-

ing. I found it in the esecroire."

Utterly astonished at this new devel-

opment, I took the envelope from him

and mechanically opened it.

"Pardon me," I said. Then I read as

follows:

"DEAR SIR:—Realizing that my life

must terminate very shortly, I take oc-

casion to commit to writing a brief

summary of the discovery of facts as to

your brother's murder.

"It was killed by a knife thrust in-

flicted from behind over the right

shoulder. This happened in his own

room or, at least, in the house, and the

murderer was a man admitted by ap-

pointment. The charred letter in the

grate was doubtless the communication

asking for the appointment and must

have advanced strong reasons to obtain

one at such an hour. Let us suppose

that it came extemporaneously from one of

the railroad gang and offered to disclose,

for a consideration and under condi-

tions insuring secrecy, the directions

given by some officer of the company to

his subordinates to delay the work and

to harass Mr. Smith as much as possi-

ble in retaliation for his persistent hos-

tility. Your brother, feeling as he did,

would have been only too glad to get

such information on any terms, so he

destroyed the letter, as was doubtless

stipulated for, rose, dressed, admitted

his alleged informant secretly, took

him in his room, was stabbed, partly

undressed and dressed again, car-

ried out while it was yet dark and

placed or thrown into the cut, care be-

ing taken that his skull should be frac-

tured as to apparently account for

death. Then the murderer, having

wrapped up the garments through

which the knife passed, took them away

with him. Much of this is in the nature

of a recapitulation of facts you already

know. It is the simplest thing in the

world to see that murder was not com-

mitted by your niece, your servant or

by Mr. Ralph. The first could not have

carried the body to the railroad cut,

and neither of the others could have

obtained an appointment at such an

hour. Ralph, moreover, would never

have used a knife, though I admit that,

assuming the local theory of a morning

walk, a quarrel and a blow on the head,

things would look very black for him.

On the other hand, Anderson's clumsy

lie was merely an ignorant man's way

of trying to bring to justice one whom

he believed had murdered his master

and whom you and Miss Smith were

shielding.

"Let me now go a step further than

we have gone together and add that it

is perfectly clear that Mr. Robert

Smith was killed by an agent of the

Mafia, in revenge for the insults he of-

fended that society. This theory not

only supplies an ample motive, but it

also accords fully with the method of

killing and the overwhelming evidence

pointing to a deliberately planned as-

sassination. Moreover, every first class

detective must be familiar with the fun-

damental principles of the great secret

organization, and those of the Mafia

make it certain that language such as

your brother used would have infalli-

bly marked him as a victim. The work

was not done, however, by any man

with whom Mr. Smith had ever been in

communication, much less had trouble.

The rule is that, after death had been

decreed by the branch before which the

case is tried, notice is sent to some

branch located at a distance, one of

whose members—an entire stranger to

the matter—is then selected by lot to

act as executioner. Some member, then,

of the Mafia, was doubtless in the gang

that heard your brother's tirade, made

report of his words, and the result fol-

lowed.

"Now let me inform you of a conclu-

sive piece of evidence which one of

those chances against which no criminal

can guard has placed in my hand.

Otherwise the task of detection would

be well nigh hopeless; but as it hap-

pened, your niece and Mr. Ralph were

walking along the road very early in the

morning and met the assassin coming

from the direction of the house with

the tell-tale bundle under his arm. Mr.

Ralph would doubtless recognize him

again. Miss Smith had recognized him.

Add to this the fact that the man is

half Italian by birth and spent much of

his early life among the peasantry of

Sicily, and I consider that I have suffi-

cient evidence in hand to cause his ar-

rest.

"There are reasons, however, why

such a proceeding is inadvisable and

why a different course will serve the

ends of justice almost equally well. As

you know, I tried by every means in my

power to avoid an assignment in this

case, but, seeing the finger of